

# HOLDING OUR HANDS

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Before, a tear can roll from Cheek to Chin,  
Our father Stretches out his hand,  
To touch our Souls and let the healing begin,  
In ways we may not understand.

Before, the pain can bring us to our Knees,  
He's already there, at our Side,  
There, in the mist of our Catastrophies,  
A healing balm is being applied.

We're all the same, in the mist of our pain,  
It's so hard to feel the master's touch.  
We only feel the flame and the weight of the Chain,  
Which is why we may Complain so much.

But before, a tear can roll from Chin to Chest,  
Our father's hand is already there.  
To Comfort our Souls, and give us rest,  
Even though we may be unaware.

When the pain Subsides, and we've made it thru,  
We may think we did it on our own.  
When our tears have dried like the morning dew,  
He Sit's there Smiling - upon his throne.

Yes we may look back and see a single track,  
Of "Foot Steps" left there in the Sand.  
Perhaps unaware, as we look back,  
That the Master had been holding our hand."

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